

The Lyceum Banner.

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Written for the Lyceum Banner.

"WHO WON THE RACE?"

BY PEARL HAPGOOD.

IN every country school district there are always some leading spirits among the boys,—marked characters either decidedly good for nothing dunces, brilliant students, or jolly wide-awake fellows, who never sleep when there is any fun to be had.

Master Bliven taught, winter after winter, in the little log school house on Beech Hill, until he was considered a fixture by all the district. The children, large and small, and their parents, all loved the school master, for he was strict without being severe; familiar, yet dignified. Once or twice, when the father of some injured child hinted at his removal, all Beech Hill was in commotion,

and entered a protest against any such proceedings.

Squire Blake said, "We who live near the school-house never had any peace of our lives till Master Bliven came, and now a man can rest nights and not expect to get up in the morning and find his fences torn down for sled timber."

When Squire Blake spoke, a thing was settled, for he was one of the first settlers, owned a large orchard, and was called a "respectable man."

But sometimes the good school-master was at his wits ends to know what course to pursue with some of the rude boys; and even the large girls in the "back seat" puzzled him a little. The hardest case in school was Ed Fisher; he could not or would not learn. He was the largest boy in all his classes, and always at the foot of the class. So common was it for him to be behind in everything at school that the boys gave him the name—Captain Fagg. They never called him by this name in games, for at play he beat them all.

George Arnold was the star in school—naturally brilliant, it required no effort for him to learn his lessons, and retain his place at the head of the class. Declamation days he appeared to the best advantage, as he mounted the rough platform, made a low bow, and spoke in a clear, ministerial tone. His attempt at oratory was sure to bring forth bursts of applause, which was prolonged till his successor, Ed Fisher, had stumbled into his place. Ed sometimes thought they were cheering him at the wrong end of his piece. Young Fisher made a short, awkward bow, and so nearly forgot his piece that no prompting could bring him to his senses, and after standing some minutes in silence he blundered back to his seat discouraged, thinking "it's no use—I try just as hard as George, and only get laughed at for my pains." Then he would console himself with the thought that there were some things he could do much better than George, or any other boy in school, and so recitations were banished from his mind, and some game planned instead.

Nearly in front of the school-house was a long hill where the boys and girls used to slide down at all the intermissions. They would commence at the top and slide nearly half a mile, and then what fun and work they had pulling back the sleds. Ed was never too lazy to do this, but the poor boy had no sled, and not being a favorite with the boys he found it difficult to borrow one, and so he found his sport in helping the girls up, especially a little lame girl, Nancy Ash, who loved Ed in spite of his dullness.

One stormy day, near the commencement of the term, the girls staid in the house, and so the boys were in for a little rough sport.

"Come, let's have a slide," said George to Harry Winters, "You steer the sled this time and I'll get on behind."

"No," said Harry; "let Ed ride, he has no sled, and I have sliding and skating enough at home."

"If Ed can't learn the fives in the multiplication table he can't steer *my* sled or ride on it either. So come on.

No, *I won't*; Ed is just as good as I am, or you either; and as you won't take him, and can't have me, you may take Walter Birch and I'll stay here," said Harry.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ed, who felt hurt at the slight. "I'll bet four apples and a pint of beechnuts that I can run faster than your sled can go, and we'll put the apples in Harry's hand, and he may watch and see who wins."

"Well, I'll bet you. Ha! ha! ha! that's capital! But you'll have to be swifter than you was with your recitation to-day, Mr. Fagg: but we'll try it. Come on, Walter; and you, Harry, go to the foot of the hill and see who wins."

Harry took his place at the foot of the hill, with the eight apples and the promise of a quart of beech-nuts in his hands and pockets.

George got on the sled and Walter behind, while Ed took breath for the race.

Harry gave the signal, and Ed started; George attempted to, but it took him some seconds to push off; so at first Ed was some distance in advance. The sled gained upon him—he saw it, and in attempting to quicken his speed, his feet slipped from under him, and he fell sprawling down the hill. Walter swung his hat and hurrahed; George, in his joy, watching Ed instead of his sled, steered wrong, and capsized in the light snow. Captain Fagg sprang up and darted past them, and reached the foot of the hill just a little out of breath. The others, slightly bruised, picked themselves up, and came moping after; and then it was the Captain's turn to hurrah and claim the apples and beech-

nuts. Harry decided that Ed had fairly won, and surrendered the apples, which were generously divided among Harry and the girls. The beech-nuts he never got, I believe.

Master Bliven watched the boys from the school-house door—he saw that something of unusual interest was going on, and so when the party came up to him, he inquired about it. Walter and George did not want to tell, but at a wink from Ed, Harry stepped forward and related the whole story.

The teacher was blessed with a happy faculty of turning all events to a good account by pointing out some useful lesson to be learned. He did not *preach* to his scholars as some teachers do, but gave them good sound advice enough, in a few words, to think about a week. He expressed great displeasure at the selfishness manifested by George and Walter, and made the golden rule look so beautiful to them, that each formed a new resolution to ever after do as they would be done by.

You, Harry, have shown an impartial spirit—may your love of justice be the ruling love of your life. Taking Ed by the hand and tenderly stroking his hair, he said, "This lesson is for you, my boy. You never could have learned it so well in the school-room. Your zeal is worthy a better cause. You see how easily you have won this race;—if you devote the same energy to study that you manifest in play, you will be just as successful. Run a race in the school-room, and I will bet the apples and beechnuts that you will win. Carry the same pride into school and you may see the boys who call you Captain Fagg now, back in the distance. Will you think of this, and try a race for knowledge?"

"I will," answered Ed, smiling through his tears, for his teacher's love had at last won him. And he did try, and succeeded. From that day he studied hard—early and late—and at the close of the term his lessons were as perfect as any boy's in school. He gained upon George every winter, and when they left the district-school, Ed was the best scholar—it was all owing, he said, to that race on the snow.

Prof. Fisher is Capt. Fagg no longer. He has a situation in a flourishing seminary in New England, and Nancy Ash, the little lame girl, is his assistant.

—A citizen has procured from Paris a door mat made of steel wire, with the word "Salve" (welcome) wrought in the centre. A visitor, overcome by curiosity, innocently asked the host what kind of salve he manufactured and advertised on his floor mat.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

ROOFING SLATE—WHERE FROM AND HOW MADE.

BY UNCLE WILLMER.

SLATE has already become an article of very extensive use, and is coming still more generally into use every year, so that any information concerning it must be of some interest, even to my young readers. Slate has been used for roofing purposes for many hundred years in some parts of the world, but has been called in many places "tile;" and no doubt many of you may remember a saying, often quoted, of Martin Luther's, at the time of his persecution by the Roman Catholic Church for preaching and writing heretical doctrines, or, more properly, for telling the truth about this Church. At one time his life was threatened if he made a certain journey, and when advised not to venture it, he said, "I will go if there be as many devils on the road as there are tiles on the houses." The roofing on the houses was made of slate tile.

The best and much the largest portion of slate found in this country comes from Rutland county, Vermont, at present, though other places are developing and producing a very good article of slate, and I have no doubt that within a very few years, slate will be found in great abundance in many parts of the West and South, and perhaps of a better quality than what we now get from the quarries in this county.

Beside the use of slate for covering the roofs of houses, it is now being used for mantles, table and bureau tops, shelves, billiard beds, currier tables for tanners, and many other special or occasional uses.

It would occupy too much space in our little paper to give a minute description of the process of manufacturing all of these different articles from slate, so I will begin with telling you about the quarrying and manufacturing of roofing slate. So now come with me and keep your eyes about you, for we have plenty to occupy both eyes and ears, as well as a pair of nimble legs.

As we step out of the cars at this station—Hydenville—we notice a small sign attached to one corner of the depot, "One mile to Eagle Quarry." This is the oldest one, and by far the largest of all the slate quarries in this vicinity. Now as we pass along the road leading to this quarry, we see on all sides of us, scattered here and there, large piles of dirt and stone, many of them as high as a two-story house, and some much larger even.

These are heaps of rubbish taken from the different quarries, of which there are a great number in sight, some of them only having a small heap of rubbish, as they are "new openings," and have only been worked a month or so.

But here we are, near the "Eagle" Works, and all around we see abundant signs of thrift and prosperity. Quite a little village of houses, which are occupied by the men who work in this quarry. Now here we stand on the bank of the "main opening," some 500 feet long, and so deep that as we stand on this bridge, which is stretched across the opening, the men working below look like small boys. That small stone building on the bank is the engine-house. Along the bank we see the shafting, with cog-wheels to drive the machinery for hoisting the stone and rubbish. Here, about the middle of the opening, is a force pump, worked by the engine, and in constant operation to keep the water out of the quarry. Now let us go across this bridge, which is about 200 feet long, reaching from one bank to the other. There you see the bank on the side where the engine and machinery stand is cut down perpendicular, but on this side it is sloped up from the bottom, and filled up all around as with broken refuse stone. "What are those big holes under the bank opposite?" Why, they are tunnels made by quarrying out the stone. Let us count them: one, two, three, four, five—six big ones and two or three smaller ones. Some of the larger ones run in under the ground three hundred feet, and are seventy-five to one hundred feet wide. "How small the men do look away down there!" Yes, but it is a nice cool place in the summer, during the hot weather. In that largest, deepest tunnel the ice did not all melt during the past summer till about the first of August.

But see that pile of rubbish in that tunnel to the left. Now look at the roof over it, and see where it comes from. If any one had been there when it fell, he would surely have been killed. The effect of the atmosphere on the roof of these tunnels in time loosens the rock, and it scales off; but in the many years the men have been at work there, no accident has happened from it, for the rock has always fallen when no one was near. In some instances it has fallen while the men were at dinner. "Will they always be so fortunate?" I am afraid not.

See! the men are scampering away and crouching behind the walls. Now, in a moment, you will hear a loud report. Bang! there it goes! How the stones fly! They are blasting out the stone ready to hoist out on that long wire rope,

one end secured to this bank, and the other at the bottom of the tunnel. You can now see that big stone hanging under the wire rope, but attached to a wheel about fifteen inches in diameter, with a deep groove in the outer rim, which rolls along on the wire rope as it is drawn up it by another rope made of hemp, and attached to a drum, which is worked by a small engine just back of us, up there in that little shed. Some of the stones are lifted out of the quarry by derricks, which are also worked by the engine, either on this bank or the one in the stone building opposite. You can see these derricks all around us.

Now let us go up there where they are splitting the stone, and watch them as they make the slate into pieces suitable for roofing.

That large piece, just dropped on the bank from the wire rope, is now in hand. First you see the men work it into small pieces with hammers and chisels. With a few taps of the hammer on the chisel how nicely it opens, and then if still too large, a few blows on the side in the *right place* reduces the stone to the right size for the one who is to split it into a proper thickness for roofing.

In this little shed we shall find them doing this work. The "splitter" is seated on a low stool, with his legs extended almost at right angles with his body, the stone bearing against his knee, which is protected by a covering of leather or wound with a piece of hemp rope. The chisel is about two inches wide, thin and sharp. He uses a mallet made of wood instead of a hammer, and with great ease splits the stone into three or four pieces of equal thickness, then in turn splitting each of the pieces into those of the right thickness for roofing. When the splitter comes to the last split, you will notice that he is more cautious than at first, for the stone is then so thin as to be liable to break. You see how he turns the pieces around, tapping his chisel first on one edge, then on the other, till he has made all out of the pieces that can be made.

After the splitting comes the "squaring," which is the last process, and until the past season was almost entirely done by hand, with a long, thin knife, and by laying the pieces of slate across a stationary knife, then, with a drawing stroke, break off the piece close along the edge of the stationary knife. But now, as you see, this work is done by a very simple machine, which works a revolving knife, giving the same kind of motion as the old hand knife, but much easier and quicker. You see the one who squares the slate lays each size by itself, when they are all ready for

shipping. The next time we walk out we will look into a slate mill, and see what they do there.
HYDEVILLE, VT.

ITEMS.

—Were every one to sweep before his own house every street would be clean.

—The errors of to-day are the teachers of to-morrow.

—A colored man was asked if his master was a Christian. "No, sir," said he, "my massa is a member of Congress."

—A philosopher explains the science of getting rich in one word—grab; how to keep rich—keep what you grab.

—"Can't pass, marm," said a stern sentinel of the navy to an officer's lady. "But, sir, I must pass; I am Capt. W.'s lady." "Couldn't let you pass if you were his wife."

—"It is reported that Weston was formerly collector for a newspaper. No wonder, then, that now he is such a good walker.

—Can coffee be called real estate when it is ground?

—That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over new, said:

"Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

—John Phoenix once said, that when, from the deck of an out-going steamer he shouted to a friend, "Good-bye, Colonel," two-thirds of the crowd on the wharf raised their hats and said, "Good-bye, old fel. Tekkar yourself."

—A wag says that once on a journey, he was put into a sleigh with a dozen or more passengers, not one of whom he knew, but on turning a short corner the sleigh upset, and then said he, "I found them all out."

—Every word of love spoken to a servant, to an orphan, to a beggar, to an unfortunate "upon the town," will sing its way to God, and bring a blessing back. PEEBLES.

To furnish something new and interesting each Sunday is attended with much labor, but is not the training of two hundred young minds in the proper direction, ample compensation?

LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms,
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

Those white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest load.

Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair,
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded,
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untought feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet!

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades;
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty
Where sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up ambition's summit
The common world above;
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be, to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander,
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling,
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that he who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

—A mother, trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said, "Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am trying," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, can't help it; um comes unbuttoned."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

"WALK PRETTY."

BY F. M. LEBELLE.

WALK pretty, Lilly; take short steps, darling. I think you had better stay in the school-house at recess, you will tanned if you play out of doors. There, good-bye," and mamma kissed her little daughter tenderly, and watched her out of sight to be sure her first injunctions were obeyed.

Lilly did credit to her name. Her face and neck were almost as white as the muslin dress she wore. Her flaxen curls were well trained, and shaded as beautiful a forehead as childhood ever claimed. The left little gloved hand clasped a dainty, willow basket which hung at her side, the right balanced a parasol, which protected her features against the sun's rays.

Lilly walked pretty through all her childhood. She not only walked pretty, but she ate pretty, answered questions with precision and ladylikeness, and even slept pretty. A snow white cap, with its fluted ruffle, encircled her pale face, and her snowy night-dress was trimmed in the most becoming style.

Lilly became a young lady. She danced pretty and late, dressed fashionably, and, in all things, her loving mother's ambition was more than realized. Her skin grew more transparent, her eyes more brilliant, and her step more languid.

"You are sick, daughter, and must take some medicine. The air is a little too bracing. I'll close the windows and the shutters, too, for the light may hurt your eyes." The watchful, anxious mother never wearied in her care and attentions to her idolized child.

Lilly obeyed in all things. She swallowed drugs, breathed poisonous air—what little she could breathe in her fashionable dress,—petted her weak nerves, never laughed, grew really sick and died. Half a score of doctors, sea baths, travel and tender nursing, failed to save her. A devoted mother's heart was broken. The good minister came and said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be His holy name."

Now, if Lilly's mother had understood the laws of health, and taught them to her child, if she had cared less for a fair complexion than for a good constitution, her darling might have lived to be the blessing of a devoted mother's life.

—How to be at home in the best society—Stay at home.

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LYCEUM CONVENTION.

We hope the friends of children will not forget the Lyceum Convention to be held at Horticultural Hall (Broad street, above Spruce), in the city of Philadelphia, to commence on Thursday, the 26th day of November, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session two days.

Free return tickets will be furnished to all delegates who pay full fare in coming to this Convention, on the Pennsylvania Central or Philadelphia and Erie railroads, good until the 5th of December.

Some seem a little alarmed because of this call for a Convention, but there is no cause of fear. We only hope to devise ways and means for the advancement of the cause nearest and dearest to all hearts. We hope, we expect, to have a two whole days of earnest work. We want to see laid in these two days the foundation of a temple that will be worthy the blessing of angels.

LITTLE LINGUIST.

There lives in Tollestone, Ind., a little girl, not yet three years old, who speaks three languages. To her parents, who are French, she speaks French; to the German girl, German; to Americans, English. She has never been taught these languages, but having heard them spoken, has learned to speak them. She has a large, finely developed brain, but is just beginning to walk.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

C. *The Chicagoan* is a good literary and progressive paper. Robert Dale Owen and Robert Collyer are among its contributors.

N. Henry Thoreau, author of "Life in the Woods," was born in Boston, Mass., 1819. He died in 1862. He lived alone two years that he might be the better able to write a book that he believed the world needed.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

We, publisher and editor, have just made our first visit to our State Capitol.

Nature and Art have done much to make the city attractive and beautiful. The buildings are mostly fine, the streets broad, clean and shaded by oaks and maples. The people are genial, generous and public-spirited.

Here our late President spent the last years of his private life. His memory is very precious to all who knew him. He is not spoken of as a Republican, but a friend, neighbor and citizen. The house in which he lived is a plain, two-storied, wood building, of light brown color. A small party of us went out to Oak Ridge Cemetery, to visit the tomb where the mortal remains of Mr. Lincoln rests. None of us believed that the risen Emancipator was there; we know that from his tomb, the stone has been rolled away, and that the martyr lives among those who loved him—those who still need his counsel: but, for all that, the place did seem sacred, because his sepulchre was there. When our party gathered about the good man's tomb our steps were softer, our voices were lower. Some spoke of the brave deeds, others repeated anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln. Col. Fox was silent, to him words were worthless. We plucked some oak leaves from a bough that bent nearest the tomb, and went on among the monuments.

We had the pleasure of attending the exhibition, in Capitol Hall, of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. This well-disciplined, progressive army is marching to the Eternal Hills, proclaiming as they go, "Peace and good-will." The singing was good, the speaking rarely excelled, the tableaux capital.

The song, "Nobody's Child" (in costume), by a sweet-voiced little girl, made us all feel like opening our arms and doors to God's orphans, and treating them tenderly, lovingly, just as these angels in the rough deserve to be treated.

"The Fairy Wedding," by Fountain Group, in tableau, was far better than the pictures we have seen of Gen. Tom Thumb's wedding.

The acting tableaux by the young ladies of Liberty Group, "The Sculptor's Triumph," was very fine. Each performed her part admirably.

In this whole exhibition we saw nothing, heard nothing, that would have been discreditable to the early efforts of Charlotte Cushman, Ellen Tree or Anna Cora Mowatt.

Who can estimate the good these Lyceums are doing? Is it not likely that some of the great world's best singers, orators and actors will graduate from the Springfield Progressive Lyceum?

NEW BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT.
E. H. BAILY, Musical Editor.

Single Copy.....\$2.00
Gilt..... 3.00

When sent by mail, 24 cents extra for postage.

New Publications.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ABRAHAM JAMES. By J. M. Peebles. Price, post-paid, 40 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. Peebles, in this book, has given a very interesting account of Mr. James' early years; of his youthful visions and prophecies; of his later experiences, especially in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. The book is well written and deeply interesting.

THE SOROSIS. A Woman's Journal. Published every Thursday, at 104 Randolph street, Chicago, by Mrs. M. L. Walker & Co. Terms, \$3 per year.

The Sorosis is indeed a woman's journal. It does not take the broad, all-comprehensive view of woman that is taken by the *Revolution*, but it deals with the things that concern us in the home department. There is need of *The Sorosis*. It is well conducted, ably edited; let it meet with the support it deserves.

THE ARCANUM OF SPIRITUALISM, the last work of Hudson Tuttle, is now being published in the *Ohio Spiritualist*. Emma Tuttle contributes a poem to every number. A paper up to the times. Hudson Tuttle and H. O. Hammond, editors and proprietors, 111 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

— **THE COMMUNIST**, devoted to the adoption of the principles of Communism. Published monthly by A. Longley, 816 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo. Terms, fifty cents per year.

DELEGATES.—At the late Illinois State Convention the following persons were chosen delegates to the Philadelphia Lyceum Convention:

George Haskell, M. D.; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jones; Dr. E. C. Dunn; Mrs. L. H. Kimball; Dr. Boggs; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

—Matilda A. McCord, 513 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. We trust our good friend will be well sustained.

—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will speak in Vineland, New Jersey, Nov. 23.

NEW LYCEUM SONGS.

The Musical Directors and the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceums throughout the country, are invited to send or bring to the National Lyceum Convention all the music, original or selected, that they think suitable for a music and song book for the use of the Lyceums. We want suitable music for every song and hymn in the Lyceum Manual, and as many more equally good. The National Lyceum Convention intend to publish a music book for the Lyceums, and want all the assistance the musical directors and friends can render. It is one of the great necessities of the Lyceums. If they cannot come they will send the manuscript by mail to M. B. Dyott, 114 South Second Street, Philadelphia. Do not be backward, but send in your suggestions; they will be thankfully received.

By order of the Committee.

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

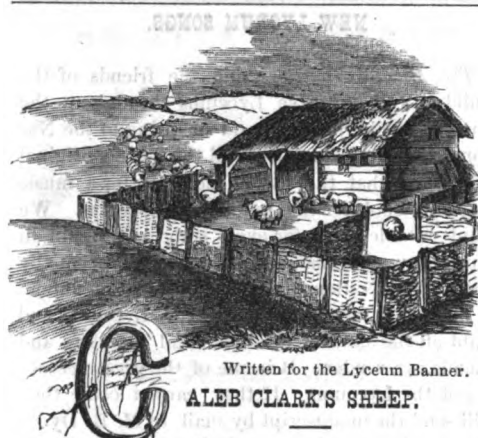
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ABIGAIL ADAMS, wife of John Adams, second President of the United States, and mother of John Quincy Adams, possessed a large degree of sterling common-sense. That she was a woman of true greatness and elevation of mind is shown in her published letters. Without the facilities of education, she yet succeeded in gaining much useful knowledge, and her natural love of the beautiful gave a tinge of romance to the hard facts of every-day existence. She cheerfully adapted herself to the various changes which her husband's eventful life demanded, and in the courts of kings, at the seat of a republican government, or in the quiet retirement of home, she was always the same tranquil, dignified, noble, and affectionate wife, mother, and friend.

MRS. SARAH BACHE, the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin, was devoted to the cause of American Liberty, and throughout the Revolution she manifested her patriotism in many ways. During the severe winter of 1780 she took an active part in providing clothing for the American soldiers. A letter from M. de Marbois to Dr. Franklin, the following year, thus speaks of her: "If there are in Europe any women who need a model of attachment to domestic duties, and love for their country, Mrs. Bache may be pointed out to them as such."

M

—The Chinese have no curtains to their theatres. At the close of the play the "slain" pick themselves up, walk off and go to smoking opium.



BY GERTIE GRANT.

MRS. RUTH CLARK was very proud of her first baby. What mot her is not? Mrs. Clark, like most mothers, managed to bring forward her child when there was the slightest prospect of winning for it a word of praise.

One morning Mr. Caleb Winters called to see Mr. Clark. After finishing his business, he turned toward the door. Mrs. Clark, holding up her child, said, "You have not seen my baby?"

"No," replied Mr. Winters; "do you call that bit of a bundle a baby? I thought you had a China doll in flannels. A baby! And what is the baby's name?" Mr. Winters asked, as he put back the soft wool blanket from the little one's head and shoulders.

"We call him Sweetie, Darling, and all sorts of pet names."

"But, Mrs. Clark, that child will need a decent name—a name that the world may know him by; for I suppose you expect him to be the greatest man in all the world. Now I have a good honest name, and no namesake. Supposing you call the boy Caleb Winters Clark?"

"Caleb is not a pretty name," Mrs. Clark replied.

"Pshaw on the *pretty*!" said Mr. Winters. "Let the boy make the name sound well by an honest life. I'll risk him with my name; and now I'll tell you what I'll do. Caleb shall be the child's name, and I will give him a sheep."

"There, wife," Mr. Clark said; "you wished this very morning you could give the baby something to commence life with: now here is a beginning."

"Yea," Mrs. Clark replied; "but then you know I wish to call him George Washington, or by some other great man's name."

"Fie on your great men's names!" Mr. Winters replied. "Washington will not care to know that a poor tin-peddler down in Egypt has a little red-faced baby bearing his name. I hate this hanging on to dead men's names for glory or greatness. George Washington made his name famous by good deeds; treason made Benedict Arnold's name infamous; let your child make his own name great, and I'll risk him, if it is Caleb. Do you hear that?"

"Caleb, then, it will be," Mrs. Clark said. "Now send over the sheep. But wait, Mr. Winters, you haven't kissed your namesake yet."

Mr. Winters was a rough-looking bachelor; he had never in all his life kissed a baby. When Mrs. Clark put the child into his arms, he reminded me of a picture I once saw of a bear tending a baby. He took it in his great hard hands, turned its face down, and kissed the back of its head; young Caleb kicked and screamed, just as he had a right to do.

"I am convinced the child is not a China doll," Mr. Winters said, as he put his namesake back into its mother's arms. "Now, Mrs. Clark, see to it that you take the best of care of young Caleb. Have you a shed for a fine ewe lamb?"

"Yes," Mrs. Clark said. "I will find room for all the sheep you will send."

"That will be just one—no more, no less," Mr. Winters said to himself, as he passed out into the street.

In a few days, John Mason drove up to Mrs. Clark's door with a fine Merino sheep in his wagon. Mr. Winters sent it, with his respects, to Master Caleb Winters Clark.

The sheep was let out for a pound of wool a year, and half the increase. The years came and went. Caleb grew to be a fine lad, well worthy Mr. Winters' name and affection.

The sheep increased in numbers until Caleb was regarded as a respectable wool-grower. Mr. Clark was a poor man; he could only by the strictest prudence support his family. One day Caleb said, "I've a mind to hire the old Morrill pasture, and take home my sheep; we may as well have the whole benefit of them as to divide it with James Martin."

"But where are your shed and fodder?" Mr. Clark asked.

"As for a shed I can roll up logs and build one, and I will make the sheep feed themselves with their wool."

The farm was hired—the log barn built. Caleb, with his faithful dog, takes care of the sheep. He

is now educating himself and helping in the maintenance of his father, mother and their young children.

Caleb's name has even now a very pleasant sound in the ears of some of the young girls in Mill Creek.

Who knows but he will be one of the Presidential candidates, and all the men and boys of his party be called wool-growers, just as the Grant men are called tanners? I am quite positive that he may make a better President than some who have been in the White House.

NEWS FROM LYCEUMS.

Oswego, N. Y.

Business calls me to another field of action and I am obliged to sever my connection with the Lyceum of this city, with which I have been identified since its organization. Although this connection has resulted in some pecuniary disadvantages, it has been a very pleasant and profitable one. I have watched with no little anxiety its progress under its various phases of existence. It has been threatened with dissolution by internal commotion—its most dangerous enemy—with bitter opposition from a bigoted community, bigoted because ignorant of its great practical utility and the glorious principles it is unfolding, and at one time it was visited by a most disastrous fire, which consumed our place of meeting, together with our entire set of equipments. But thank God and the noble few who have worked with undaunted energy, it still has an existence, and unfurls to the breeze its glorious banner of liberty, in its most comprehensive sense, in spite of the many obstacles which it has had to encounter. Although my work with it must cease for the present, it will ever claim my warmest sympathy and moral support. My affections have become so interwoven with its interests that the separation is indeed painful.

Your valuable paper receives a hearty welcome among the few to whom I have been enabled to distribute it. It fills a void which has so long existed and been so seriously felt. The Elocutionary Department which you have recently established is a valuable acquisition, and is especially designed to meet the wants of Lyceums generally. I have found it difficult to select suitable pieces for the children to speak, not because they were entirely devoid of great and glowing truths, but because they were so interwoven with sectarian theology as to render them unfit for our purpose. I consider the Lyceum movement to be the reno-

vator of the great social evils of the present day—to establish a system of equality, not only in name but in deed, between all classes and conditions of society, for so long as one class is held to be inferior to the other we cannot hope to achieve true eminence and prosperity in any department of life. Ignore it as we may, we are each dependent upon the other, and as essential in the divine economy of nature to complete its grand harmonious design. To teach mankind to realize this relation of mutual dependence and equality is the mission of the Lyceum. It is the great center or school in which is taught, and from which emanates the grand projects for promulgating the Spiritualistic ideas which are not designed to propagate a rival religious sect, but is a direct outgrowth of the necessities of the present age. The opinions entertained by churches is the chrysalis state of so-called free thinkers. This mental garb has become insufficient to meet their demands, and they, bursting the bars of their prison house, emerge into a higher plane of existence. We recognize the fact that our religious conceptions advance with our moral and intellectual unfoldment. Hence we can afford to endure with charitable composure the opprobrium heaped upon us by those who constitute themselves the arbiters between right and wrong, and profess to emulate the holy Nazarene. JAS. H. SMITH.

Sayings of Children.

—I asked my little nephew, a boy of six years, what he intended to be when a man? He replied, "I don't know whether I'll be a Catholic or a carpenter."

—Little George, a child of three years, who saw a black woman for the first time, gazed at her with astonishment, clinging to his mother's dress all the while, and when she was gone, turned to his mother and asked, "What is that india-rubber woman for?"

—"Well, I don't want to be an angel if that is the way they look," said a little girl one day to her mother, after looking at a colored plate where angels were represented. "Why, so?" said her mother. "Why, to have purple eyes and *great, big wings!*" said the child, in perfect disgust.

E. M. ADDLERMAN.

—The following advertisement appears in a Canada paper: "Will the gentleman who stole my melons last Saturday night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as they are a choice variety."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

DON'T TEACH LITTLE BROTHER TO SWEAR.

BY L. M. DELANO.

ONE lovely June morning, with book in hand, I seated myself by the window in my pleasant chamber, to enjoy an hour of reading and rest.

The day was perfect and one could scarcely imagine a fairer scene, even in the beautiful *Summer* land. The distant hills were covered with alternate patches of woods, and fields of waving grain; the river gleamed in the sunlight; the birds were singing their happiest songs, and every insect seemed to be humming a song of thanksgiving, while the air was laden with the sweet breath of roses, ascending, like grateful incense, to the power that gave them life.

While luxuriating in this beautiful view of nature, my attention was attracted to a group of children, playing under a large tree across the way, and their happy faces and pleasant tones were in perfect harmony with the scene.

Among them was a little toddler just learning to walk and talk, and each seemed anxious to guide his unsteady steps, and teach him to repeat words, while happy shouts of applause greeted his infantile efforts.

As I watched them, I wondered if our Guardian Angels watched us with equal solicitude, and were as much pleased when we walked in the straight way and spoke the right word in the right time? But hark! what discordant sound breaks on this lovely scene. One boy, having mislaid some of his playthings, has got into a passion with his brother, and violently accuses him of having taken them, while number two asserts his innocence in the same angry tone, and hard words, and even oaths pour from their lips, and seem to form a cloud above their heads, shutting out all the sunshine and beauty, while the little brother opens wide his great blue eyes, and distorts his cherub lips in trying to repeat the ugly words he hears pronounced with so much emphasis.

The charm of the morning was gone, and with a sigh, I closed the blinds and turned to my book for comfort.

Dear children, guard well the little member whose misuse causes so much unhappiness, and remember that every coarse or profane word you utter not only sears and hardens your own moral nature, but forms an example for the innocent darlings who come within your influence; whose minds are like the pure white paper upon which

lovely pictures, or hideous blots can readily be made, and surely you would not wish to be guilty of doing a double injury to yourself and others. Let me beg you then

"Speak gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar,
The good you might do here."

Written for the Lyceum Banner.

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

MANY years ago I read in the life of one of the most celebrated financiers of France, the manner in which he secured an inferior situation in an office which led him, step by step, to that of the public revenues. In humble circumstances, he applied one day for a situation under an officer attached to the Crown. The officer eyed him sharply, asked several questions, and dismissed him. The young man, sad and dispirited, slowly passed out. In crossing the court-yard he stooped and picked up a pin that lay on one of the flag-stones, and carefully straightening and wiping it, placed it upon his coat sleeve. This was observed by the officer, still sitting at the window where the discarded applicant had met a cold refusal. This trifling circumstance struck the proud official. "Ah!" he said, "that boy has economy, neatness and order, three things absolutely necessary in this office." He called him back and gave him the situation he had but a few moments before refused. Nor was he deceived. Industrious and patiently he plodded on, steadily rising in the scale of promotion, until he filled one of the most responsible and honorable posts in the Empire. Think of this young gentlemen, readers of *THE LYCEUM BANNER*. Little did that unfriended boy think, as he raised that trifle of little value, that it would prove a capital leading to millions. Economy, neatness, order; add to these perseverance and punctuality, and fortune will smile upon your future.

J. A. FIELD.

—A clergyman lost his horse on a Saturday evening, and, after hunting with a boy until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit and took for his text the following passage from Job: "O, that I knew where I might find him." The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out, "I know where he is. He's in Deacon Smith's barn."

THE LYCEUM BANNER.

We have received numbers 21 and 22 of the LYCEUM BANNER, the first ever sent to our address, although we have often looked over its genial, smiling pages as it lay upon the counter at the New York office of the *Banner of Light*. These two numbers are replete with interest, full of pleasant, instructive reading for children of all ages, for grown up children as well as young children.

Ah, what a delight such a paper as this would have been to our young heart. "Devoted to the culture and amusement of the young."

The only papers we ever saw in our young days were the *Christian Watchman and Reflector* and the *Boston Recorder*, and they were designed for anything but the "amusement" of the young. We remember reading in the "youth's department" of one of these papers a fearful story about a naughty boy who went out to play on Sunday, and had some dreadful thing happen to him, and he went to that awful place of torment prepared for all naughty boys who break the holy Sabbath day. The effect of this and kindred stories, written to illustrate the doctrines of the Church and bring them home more forcibly to the child-mind, was fearful. Over the sweet, beautiful season of childhood, which should be filled with joy and gladness even as the day is filled with light and the earth with beauty, rested a dark cloud, sombre as a funeral pall. What a blessed boon the LYCEUM BANNER would have been in those days, with its pleasant tales, its sweet, gentle teachings, its poetry and music, its beautiful gospel of love and good will.

We hope the children in all our Lyceums appreciate the LYCEUM BANNER. We hope the parents of all our children appreciate it also, and are ready, willing co-operators with its editors in their efforts to cultivate the minds of their children, as well as amuse them.

We thank our friends, the editors, for the kindly notice of our connection with the *Age*, in No. 22. We remember with pleasure the genial hours of social intercourse we have held together in bygone days. Faithful memory holds them all.

Years have rolled away since then. We have been separated by forest and prairie, by mountains and seas, yet we have been united by the strong bond of a common faith, as co-workers in one vineyard, laboring for one great end.

We close as we began: THE LYCEUM BANNER—long may it wave.—*Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., in The Present Age.*

REMARKS.—Thanks to Dr. Willis for his good words. We, too, have pleasant memories. They are linked with a certain preacher and his good, little wife.

True the years have come and gone; but years, prairies, mountains, never divide souls, never sunder friendship's chain.

We mistake if our brother has further cause for saying, "But two numbers of the LYCEUM BANNER have been sent to our address."



Written for the Lyceum Banner.

HAL'S HEIFER.

MRS. MUNSON had one boy, Hally, and one cow, Faithful. The mother was no more tender of her son than was Hal of his pet cow.

Every night all winter she was brought to the little old shed near the house, and kept there till morning. Hal fed her every night and morning with meal or bran, and stood by while she ate it, to keep away the neighbors' cows that fared more poorly.

One morning, when Hal went to take care of Faithful, a little wee heifer, thin and half starved, stood under the shed, trembling with cold and begging, in the most pitiful way, protection from the storm. Hal was a tender-hearted boy, and so he could not turn the little intruder away. He consulted with his mother about what was best to do.

"You must feed the poor thing, and care for it as you do for our own cow, until its owner comes," said Mrs. Munson.

"What if the owner never comes?" said Hal.

"Then the calf is yours."

Hal hoped no owner would come, though he didn't say so, but went to work and mixed an extra mess of meal, and fed the new-comer. This he did day after day, and no owner came. He was not much sorry, for he thought he could do a little better by the heifer than anybody who would let such a poor creature wander off, and not look for it; besides he would own a cow in the spring.

"What shall we call our new cow, mother?"

"'Friendly' would be a good name, she seems so fond of us all."

So the little one was christened.

Faithful and Friendly lived together on the best of terms for many years, and Mrs. Munson said they never should be separated while she lived, and Hal said so too. WILLIE WINTERS.

—The higher circles—the ring around the moon

ELOCUTIONARY DEPARTMENT.

BED TIME.

Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
 With her small hands folded above her head;
 And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
 While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.
 "Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
 I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
 And he comes and carries it far away,
 To the beautiful home where His angels stay;
 I gather red roses, and lilies so white,
 I sing with the angels through all the long night;
 And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep,
 He gives back the soul that I gave him to keep,
 And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
 The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."

GRANDMA'S DREAMS.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about,
 As she sits in the corner there,
 With the firelight shining into her eyes
 And over her silver hair?
 She has laid her knitting across her knee,
 And folded her hands so thin,
 And I know her thoughts are far away,
 In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet
 That brightens her eyes so dim;
 Perhaps she is seeing the golden gate,
 And hearing the angel's hymn!
 And she smiles to think that she soon will cross
 Where the wonderful river rolls,
 And gather the rose of her youth again,
 In the beautiful garden of souls!

WORDS OF WISDOM.

GIVEN IN CHICAGO LYCEUM.

—It is useless to talk religion to a hungry person; a basket full of provisions is the best sermon.

—If we believe what we teach, it is our *duty* to practice it.

—We are human buds, and want the sunshine of your smiles.

—Good children are always wanted in the Lyceum.

—Persons who find fault with this beautiful world, will surely complain of the next.

—Truth is stranger than fiction because it plays so much at "hide and seek."

—Love worketh no ill to its neighbor.

—Mind is the flower of matter, as man is the flower of creation.

I'LL PUSH A POUND.

A story is told of a little boy who went with his father to see a great ship launched. The wedges were knocked away, but there stood the ship, it refused to move an inch. This small boy, seeing the great disappointment of the crowd, ran to the ship and commenced pushing with all his strength. The people began to laugh, and one man said: "See that little fellow? What can he do?"

The brave boy said, in reply, "Why, sir, what if I am little, I guess I can push a pound; I'll try." Giving another push, the great ship moved into the water.

The boy's pound moved the ship. Now, what he did I may do—*push a pound*. If I do not push a ship I may something else, that will be quite as well. I see men beating poor horses to make them draw heavy loads. I can push a pound may be that will move the load. I know what one boy has done another may do, and I know, too, that girls may push their pounds as well as boys. We can push a pound at the wash tub, the spade, the broom, the saw; and, by so doing, push this great world out into the sunshine.

I, small as I am, can push a pile of clouds from somebody's sky, can let a great flood of sunshine into some gloomy heart. I think I can. At any rate I will try.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FROM MILAN (O.) LYCEUM.

What is True Honor?

LIBERTY GROUP.

Rosa Bartow—It is to act with integrity in accordance with our ideas of truth and right.

Nettie Benschoter—If we live according to our highest idea of the right and true, I think we may be said to be truly honorable.

Susan E. Merry—It is the result of acting according to the convictions of right and duty.

Conductor's Answer—True honor consists in being entirely true to oneself; for if we are true to ourselves, we cannot be false or unjust to others.

If the world's a wilderness,
 Go, build houses in it!
 Will it help your loneliness
 On the winds to din it?
 Raise a hut, however slight;
 Weeds and brambles smother;
 And to roof and meet invite
 Some forlorn brother.

RECREATION DEPARTMENT.

ENIGMAS.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 13, 19, 6, 14, 15, 5, 18, is a geometrical curve, and also the name of a piano.

My 4, 3, 1, 14, 3, is a king's dominion.

My 11, 7, 10, 9, is used in walking.

My 16, 17, 8, 13, 19, 14, is used by artists.

My 2, 20, 4, 13, is a woman's name.

My whole is a valuable work of reference.

D. M.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 3, 18, is a troublesome animal.

My 11, 10, 6, 9, is of the feminine gender.

My 4, 5, 18, is worn on the head.

My 9, 7, 11, seamen diallic.

My 12, 5, 8, is a domestic animal.

My whole should be in every household.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 2, 6, 7, 14, is a body of water.

My 8, 4, is a neuter verb.

My 5, 1, 9, is a domestic fowl.

My 11, 8, 13, 10, is Victoria's maiden name.

My 12, 10, is a preposition.

My whole is the name of an eminent explorer.

—Children's Friend.

WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in love, but not in hate.

My second is in fire, but not in grate.

My third is in vine, but not in plant.

My fourth is in care, but not in want.

My fifth is in bad, but not in good.

My sixth is in iron, but not in wood.

My seventh is in day, but not in night.

My eighth is in feeling, but not in sight.

My ninth is in grief, but not in joy.

My tenth is in man, but not in boy.

My eleventh is in horse, but not in cow.

My twelfth is found both in then, and now.

PERCY.

ANSWERS IN NO. 4.

Enigma by Clara M. Wells—

The West may boast of her fruitful land,

Of the beautiful "Father of Waters,"

Of her prairies broad and lakes so grand,

Of her noble sons and daughters;

But one historic fact should not be suppressed,

The prairie dog is known only in the West.

Answered by Millie Stanley.

—A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment.

"Why, you have not room to swing a cat?"

"My friend," was the serene, unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

Little Girls.

How much joy and sunshine little girls bring into the household. We believe in girls at our house, and would not do without them for anything. They must have their dolls, rag babies and play houses, and it is all right that they should, for it is but woman's life in miniature. I am glad that the Lyceums give girls an equal opportunity to improve with the boys, so that when they grow to be women, they will be prepared for any good work which they may find to do. It is very nice to have a little daughter to bring a bouquet of flowers to mamma, or a drink of water to papa when he comes from his work. Some folks think that girls don't count as much in a family as boys, but they do more in our family, because we have no boys.

A. J. HANDY.

RICHMOND, IND.

We passed a Sunday recently in Richmond, and had the pleasure of meeting the children and officers of the Lyceum. A happier or more harmonious company one seldom visits. The little folks are fine speakers. We predict for these singers and speakers a glorious future, and greatly mistake if they do not bless those who are now leading their untried feet into the world's pleasant places.

B.

A CHILD'S IDEA.—A lady was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child an idea of heaven, and the necessity of his being a good boy, in order for him to obtain admission there hereafter. She pictured to his imagination the joys of the blessed, and, as an additional inducement to him to lead a correct life, said that he would be "like the angels who have harps in their hands." "Mamma," responded the child, wistfully gazing into his mother's eyes, "mamma, if it makes no difference to God, I think I'd rather have a Jew's harp!" The astonished mother rang the bell, and the polite little stripling was removed to his crib.

—The sum of \$700 has been raised at Lincoln, Ill., towards procuring a telescope for the University at that place.

MRS. F. BURRITT, M. D.,

(Late of New Orleans.)

HOMEOPATHY. At 92 North Dearborn Street.

Office Hours from 7 to 9 a. m. and 5 to 8 p. m.

Special attention given to Acute and Chronic Diseases of Ladies and Children.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Adrian, Mich.—Meets in City Hall every Sunday at 12 M. J. J. Loomis, Conductor; Martha Hunt, Guardian.

Battle Creek, Mich.—James Beamer, Conductor; Mrs. L. C. Snow, Guardian.

Boston, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock in Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian.

Bradley, Maine.—James J. Varris, Conductor; Frances McMahon, Guardian.

Breedsville, Mich.—Mr. William Knowles, Conductor; Mrs. Wells Brown, Guardian.

Bangor, Maine.—Meets every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock in Pioneer Chapel. Adolphus G. Chapman, Conductor; Miss M. S. Curtiss, Guardian.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Meets every Sunday at 10¼ A. M., at Sawyer's Hall, corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay St. Abram G. Klips, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Meets in Lyceum Hall, corner Court and Perl Street, every Sunday, at 2¼ p. m. Paul Josef, Conductor; Mrs. J. Lane, Guardian.

Beloit, Wis.—Meets every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Free Church at 12 M. Mr. Wm. Wadsworth, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah Dresser, Guardian.

Corry, Pa.—Meet in Good Templar Hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Chas. Holt, Conductor; Miss Helen Martin, Guardian.

Charlestown, Mass.—Lyceum No. 1 meets in Central Hall every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Murray, Guardian. G. W. Bragdon, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary E. Rowell, Asst. Guardian.

Clyde, Ohio.—Meets every Sunday in Willis Hall, at 10 A. M. A. B. French, Conductor; Mrs. E. Whipple, Guardian.

Chelsea, Mass.—Meets at Library Hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. James S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. S. Dodge, Guardian.

Chicago, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at Library Hall, at 12 M. Dr. S. J. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. O. A. Dye, Guardian.

Dover and Fowcroft, Me.—Meets every Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, at Merrick Hall, Dover. E. B. Averill, Conductor; Mrs. K. Thompson, Guardian.

Evansville, Wis.—Meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M., at Harmony Hall. Dr. E. W. Beebe, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah M. Leonard, Guardian.

Fond du Lac, Wis.—Dr. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Hooker, Guardian.

Genoa, Ohio.—Meets at 10 o'clock, A. M. W. H. Saxton, Conductor, Mrs. W. H. Saxton, Guardian.

Hamburg, Conn.—John Sterling, Conductor; Mrs. A. B. Anderson, Guardian.

Hammoncton.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Mrs. Julia E. Holt, Guardian.

Jersey City, N. J.—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the Church of the Holy Spirit, 244 York street. Mr. Joseph Dixon, Conductor.

Johnson's Creek, N. Y.—Lyceum meets at 12 M. every Sunday. Miss Emma Joyce, Conductor; Mrs. H. O. Loperi, Guardian.

Lansing, Mich.—Meets every Sunday in Capitol Hall at 4 P. M. E. H. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. S. D. Coryell, Guardian.

Lotus, Ind.—F. A. Coleman, Conductor; Mrs. Ann H. Gardner, Guardian.

Lowell, Mass.—Lyceum meets every Sunday in the forenoon, in the Lee Street Church.

Milan, Ohio.—Sessions 10¼ A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Lyceum meets in Bowman Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. J. M. Watson, Conductor; Mrs. Martha A. Wood, Guardian.

New Boston, Ill.—Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at Roberts Hall. R. S. Cramer, Conductor; Mrs. W. P. Myers, Guardian.

New York City.—meet every Sunday at 9½ o'clock, A. M., in Masonic Hall, 114 East Thirteenth street. P. E. Farnsworth, Conductor; Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Guardian.

Mokena, Ill.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 o'clock in the village school-house. W. Ducker, Conductor; Mrs. James Ducker, Guardian.

Oswego, N. Y.—J. L. Pool, Conductor; Mrs. Doolittle, Guardian.

Osborne's Prairie, Ind.—Meets every Sunday morning at Progressive Friends' meeting house. Rev. Simon Brown, Conductor; S. A. Crane, Guardian.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lyceum No. 1. M. B. Dyott, Conductor; Arabella Ballenger, Guardian.

Lyceum No. 2.—Meetings held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Thompson Street Church, below Front street. Mr. Languin, Conductor; Mrs. Stretch, Guardian.

Painesville, Ohio.—Meets at 10¼ A. M. in Child's Hall. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.

Plymouth, Mass.—Meets every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. I. Carver, Conductor; Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Guardian.

Portland, Me.—Wm. E. Smith, Conductor; Mrs. H. R. A. Humphrey, Guardian.

Providence, R.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Pratt's Hall, Waybaset street.

Pulnam, Conn.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Central Hall.

Richland Center, Wis.—Meets every Sunday at 1 P. M. H. A. Eastland, Conductor; Mrs. Fidelity O. Pease, Guardian.

Richmond, Ind.—Lyceum organized Nov. 4, 1865. Eli Brown, Conductor; Mrs. Emily Addleman, Guardian.

Rochester, N. Y.—Lyceum meets regularly at Schlitzer Hall, Sunday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock. Emily P. Collins, Conductor; Mrs. Amy Post, Guardian.

Rock Island, Ill.—Organized March 1, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Norris Hall, Illinois street. Henry Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Wilson, Guardian.

Springfield, Ill.—Meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. B. A. Richards, Conductor; Mrs. E. G. Plank, Guardian.

Stoneham, Mass.—meets every Sunday at Harmony Hall, at 10½ o'clock A. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; Miss Ida Hersam, Guardian.

Springfield, Mass.—Organized Nov. 18, 1866. Jas. G. Albe, Conductor; Mrs. F. C. Coburn, Guardian.

St. Johns, Mich.—Organized July 1, 1866. Meets at Clinton Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. E. K. Bailey, Conductor; Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, Guardian.

St. Louis, Mo.—Organized December, 1865. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. at Mercantile Hall. Myron Colony, Conductor; Miss Sarah E. Cook, Guardian.

Sturgis, Mich.—Organized May 24, 1868. Meets every Sunday at 12:30 P. M. in the Free Church. John B. Jacobs, Conductor; Mrs. Nellie Smith, Guardian.

Sycamore, Ill.—Lyceum organized July, 1867. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Wilkins' new Hall. Harvey A. Jones, Conductor; Mrs. Horatio James, Guardian.

Toledo, O.—Lyceum organized July 28, 1867. Meets every Sunday morning at Old Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock. A. A. Wheelock, Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Wheelock, Guardian.

Troy, N. Y.—Organized May 6, 1866. Meets in Harmony Hall every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. B. Starbuck, Conductor; Miss Libbie McCoy, Guardian.

Vinsland, N. J.—D. B. Griffith, Conductor; Mrs. Partia Gage, Guardian.

Westville, Ind.—Meets every Sunday at 11 o'clock. Henry Cathcart, Conductor; Esther N. Talmadge, Guardian.

Williamsville, Conn.—Meets at 10¼ A. M., at Bassett's Hall. Theodore A. Hunt, Conductor; Mrs. Geo. Furlington, Guardian.

Washington, D. C.—Meets at Harmonial Hall, Pennsylvania Avenue, Sunday, at 12½ o'clock. G. B. Davis, Conductor; Anna Denton Cridge, Guardian.

Worcester, Mass.—Organized March 1, 1865. Meets in Horticultural Hall every Sunday at 11:30 A. M. Mr. E. R. Fuller, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Stewarn, Guardian.